

# IN CROWDED CANTON, THE METROPOLIS OF ASIA.

By Frank G. Carpenter.

Take One of Chicago's Chief Business Streets and With the Magic Wand of the Fairy Make It Chinese—In Place of Tall Buildings There Are One and Two Story Houses—Every Man Wears a Pigtail and a Long Gown—Every Booth Is a Store Filled With Strange Merchandise.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

Canton, China, Dec. 27.—Canton is the biggest city of the Asiatic Continent. It is the industrial center of this side of the globe, and the day may come when it will surpass any city of the world in size. London has almost reached its maximum; New York is in its prime, but Canton, which is older than either, seems to be at its very beginning. For it has been born again. Throughout the ages it has grown into a city of 2,500,000 through a business of wheelbarrows, boats and manual work. It is now to have steam, electricity and all labor-saving inventions. It is to be the end of the great trunk line originated by the late Calvin S. Brice and other Americans, which shall cross China from Peking to Hankow and thence come here, tapping the industries of hundreds of millions.

The Canton of today has not a railroad of any kind. In the future it will have as many tracks as Chicago, and the cars will shoot out from here to Tientsin, Yunnan, Burma and all parts of the Chinese Empire. It has thousands of little factories now. In the future it will have more than Philadelphia, more than four times than Pittsburgh and more cotton mills than Massachusetts.

I have spent many weeks in Canton during my several visits to Asia. The impress of the city grows upon me. It is a vast life in which every human being is at work. Chicago covers about the whole of Cook County. Canton proper is surrounded by walls only six miles in circumference. The walls are thirty feet high and are battered and worn. They now embrace only the older parts of the city. Modern Canton has long since overflowed them, and it now extends for miles up and down the Pearl River. It covers the banks, and it has even gone out and built houses on the water itself.

## China Has More Boats Than Any Other Nation.

The boat population here is enormous. There are more people living on the water at Canton than at any single place in the world. You could take the floating population of Venice and lose it in the floating population of this city. China has more boats than any other nation and Canton has more than any other part of China. There are hundreds of thousands of people here who are born, live and die upon boats. There are thousands of babies who are always within six inches of drowning. I have visited many of the boat homes sculling along from one little floating house to another, creating consternation among both parents and children by pointing my camera at them. On some of the boats babies were playing, on some they were squalling, and on some taking a meal from their mothers. Many of the small children had barrels or boats of wood tied to their backs.

These are life preservers to keep them from sinking when they fall into the water. Other little ones were tied by ropes to the boats, but as a rule the children sprawled about free. They dodged this way and that as my boat moved toward them, diving down into the boat or hiding behind a sail or mast to keep out of the way of the camera. This morning I pointed the instrument at four little boys playing on the wharf. Each had a barrel on his back. I was about to press the button when one of them spied me and gave a yell, whereupon the quartet scampered away crying, their barrels flying out behind them as they ran. I find the Chinese here decidedly object to being photographed. When Hubbard T. Smith was in charge of our consulate he offered his chair-bearers twenty cents apiece if they would hold him up in the consular chair while he had a photograph taken. They indignantly refused, one of them asking Hub Smith whether he thought him such a fool as to stand in that picture all the rest of his life lifting up the American Consul for twenty cents. I had a similar photograph made the other day. It cost me a dollar.

## City of Canton Compared to Busy Chicago.

From the wharves I went on into the city. I moved slowly, for the streets were crowded with almost-eyed humanity, and I was jostled at every step. Now and then I stopped in a store to rest, and as I did so made notes of my surroundings. That I might give you an idea of a pure Chinese city, I shall try to do it by comparing Canton with Chicago.

Canton is bigger than our great city on Lake Michigan, and it could not be more different if it were situated in the planet of Mars. The town is made up of one and two-story houses built along streets so narrow that you can often stand in the center and reach both walls by stretching out your hands. They are so narrow that two



CHINA HAS MORE BOATS THAN AMERICA HAS

wheelbarrows can hardly pass, so that when two sedan chairs meet, one has to hug the walls to let the other go by. Chicago dray could not get through them, and a big dry goods box carried on a pole by two coolies would be the passers-by to the wall.

The Chicago streets are well paved. So are those of Canton, but the pavements here are of flagstones worn smooth by the tramp, tramp of millions of bare feet through many generations. The streets are, in fact, little alleys paved with stones, so little that the only beasts of burden within them are men.

Suppose you could take out of Chicago every street car, every dray and wagon, buggy and cab; suppose you could remove the horses, the buses and the automobiles and take away the elevated roads and let the only means of conveyance be stank's mare and boxlike sedan chairs two feet wide, along between poles carried on the shoulders of men. Then you have the rapid transport of Canton.

## Gorgeous Store Signs Inlaid With Gold Leaf.

You would have to change all the signs. We Americans are not used to what fine business signs are. If I could have one-hundredth part of the gold which is plastered over signs in Canton, my prospective grandchild might ride in their carriage. The signs are wonderfully carved. They are inlaid with gold leaf or enameled in brilliant colors, so that you see a blaze of red, white, green and gold as you look through the streets. Each sign is a board a foot or more wide and from four to ten feet long, upon which is cut the name of

the firm doing business. Some advertise the excellence of the store within and others bear such names as "Lucky Profit," "Good Fortune" and "Cheap John."

Suppose we take one of Chicago's chief business streets and with the magic wand of the fairy make it Chinese. We have brought the walls close together; the plate-glass windows have all disappeared; the big department stores have vanished and the clerks and merchants have multiplied a thousandfold. The completions of the people have turned yellow; every man wears a pig tail, slant eyes and long gown, and the yellow-faced women hobble along on small feet. The five-foot streets are lined with booth-like openings, each about fifteen feet wide, separated from one another by walls of blue brick. Each of the booths is a store, and every one is filled with strange merchandise. Some have glass showcases at the front and all have counters. There are scores of bookkeepers and clerks, many of the latter bare to the waist. There are proprietors dressed in fine silks and purchasers of all classes embracing the vast variety of the Chinese world of to-day.

Notice how business is classed as you push your way through the city, your

chair-bearers shouting to the people to get out of the way. Here is an alley walked with furniture stores. There is one in which they sell nothing but silks, and on that side street is a section devoted to jade stones, earrings, bracelets and other such ornaments. We ride for a mile through lines of silversmiths who work and sell side by side, and go by block after block devoted to embroidery and on into streets where there are nothing but pips and tobacco.

You may have the idea that all the Chinese are poor and that most of them are barefoot. Come with me through one

of the bargain counters. I have never seen a Chinese shoe clerk has the delight of fitting the "tootsie-wootsie" of the mads of Canton. In China it would be improper for a man to lay his hand on a strange woman, and a woman's foot is considered one of the most sacred parts of her person.

## Every Shoe Store Is Also a Factory.

The most of the goods made in China are

on and off a board all day long, moving the mill by their weight.

It is so with everything in Canton. The whole city is moved by human muscle. It is a cannibal town, feeding upon the flesh and blood of its citizens. In some mills I found fifty men going up and down like a dog in a churn, moving a circular belt communicating with a buzz saw. You would think steam would be cheaper. It is not. Wages are so low that the whole fifty do not earn more than \$5 a day, and the fuel for the steam and the wear and tear of the

horses or mules, they pull it along from the banks.

But to go into one of the jewelry sections. The Chinese are fond of fine things. They have luxurious tastes. The richer of them delight in silver plate, and they wear jewelry of pure gold. The Chinese swell, woman or man, will have nothing but gold twenty-two carats fine. The women are decked with earrings, bracelets and anklets and the children of the well-to-do wear many rings. Silver drinking cups are common.

Most of the ladies use silver hairpins, and the gentlemen drink their wine out of silver cups. You can buy silver toilet articles everywhere. There are combs and brushes, toothpicks and ear picks, tongue scrapers and scratch-your-backs. There are silver saucers for cups of fine china and carved tea sets of solid silver. Many jewels are sold. The Chinese like diamonds and pearls. They are fond of jade, an opalescent stone, which is so popular that there are whole streets of jade stores. They also like coral, using it in different shapes. Coral beads are strung and wound into balls about as big as a walnut and used as buttons on the crown of the hat.

Nearly every American traveler talks of China's bad smells. I find that there are more good smells than bad ones, and there are many which I wish I could carry home with me. Much of Canton is a Dutch parlor compared with parts of New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and some of it is comparatively clean. Some sections are perfumed with sandalwood. There are streets which deal in nothing but sweet-smelling woods. Here you find men cutting the odoriferous logs into pieces for fans, workboxes and other things.

Some are sawing them up into dust to mix with mud for the incense sticks used in every Chinese temple and house. Such sticks were as cigarette and pipe lighters. They are burned in front of the stores under little altars to the God of Fortune hung up on the wall. Sometimes there are altars of this kind outside the stores. In this case the incense sticks are always lighted toward night, and they look quite weird as dusk comes on.

## Chinese Never Transact Business After Sun Down.

But the night life of a Chinese city is hardly worth mentioning. It is not to be seen on the streets. No business is done after dark. The stores are all closed as tight as a drum, and the only lights are oil lamps.

It would be almost impossible to go through Canton late at night. In the daytime the city is a checkerboard of densely packed workshops; at night it is a catacomb with the passages walled up. Every narrow street has doors at the end of each block, and at every street crossing and alley there are gates provided with locks. There are also great doors at the holes in the walls whether at the entrances of canals into the city or of streets. All such places are closed at a certain hour in the evening, so that you could not walk a block without coming to a gate, and once inside you could not get out.

There are but few policemen, either day or night, and the order on the streets is excellent. The police call out the hours as they go their rounds after dark. They make the night hideous by clapping sticks and going to show that they are awake, and possibly to warn thieves of their approach. The police stations are immense wooden boxes, not unlike coal storage boxes; they are placed along the sides of the streets, and in them the policemen lie down to rest, not a few sleeping on their posts as do our policemen at home.

In fact, I find the Chinese decidedly human. They have about the same classed as in the United States, and they are moved by much the same springs of action. Canton is made up of rich and poor, of workers and loafers, of business men and idlers, of the crowd through which I walk in of a Chinese scholar, the petting coolie who, bare to the waist, drips perspiration as he trots along with his burden, to the satin-crowned mandarin, whose long fingered hands are as soft as the cheek of your baby. There are big-footed women who toil for 3 cents a day and there are "golden-lilies" painted, powdered ladies who each spend a thousand dollars per year on their clothes. There are Chinese scholars with spectacles as big around as silver dollars, politicians who lick their lips and look wise, story tellers and actors, solid bankers and braided foot soldiers, and the other classes you will find in our cities. Indeed, there are the same grades of society, the members of the same professions, the same ambitions, as many fears and hopes, and I might almost say as many loves and hates. This Chinese human, although we are prone to think differently, is about the same kind of a two-legged animal without feathers as the one we call a man. Lord gave him quite as good a body and as good an intellect, feelings and will.

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# EMERALD COUNCIL, KNIGHTS OF FATHER MATHEW, WILL BE TWENTY YEARS OLD NEXT WEDNESDAY.

THOMAS J. WARD AND JOHN J. DELEHANT, CHARTER MEMBERS, ARE STILL IN THE RANKS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Emerald Council, Knights of Father Mathew, will celebrate the twentieth anniversary of its organization February 5 at the Piquette Theatre.

On this date, twenty years ago, eight men assembled at No. 1306 Olive street (the old Knights of Father Mathew Hall) and organized Emerald Council, with William J. McGlooghan as its chief sir knight. Of the original charter members but two are still in the ranks. They are Thomas J. Ward and John J. Delehant.

From that time to all interests has been the fraternizing of its members in a social relation. Numerous excursions, dances, trolley parties and other entertainments have been given. Anything pertaining to the welfare of the Knights of Father Mathew as a society found Emerald Council always to the front.

As early as 1885, in the old College Parish, Emerald Council organized the Junior Knights of Father Mathew, under the name of Emerald Cadets. Captain Thomas B. Finan, a member of the council, was elected chief officer. This body of young knights assisted in the success of the organization.

Since 1882 the chief sir knights of the council have been: Thomas J. Ward, 1882; John J. Delehant, 1883; P. M. Butler, 1884; P. T. Callahan, 1885; Thomas J. Ward, 1886; Thomas B. Finan, 1887; James K. Grace, 1888; Thomas J. Ward, 1889; P. A. Finan, 1890; P. T. Callahan, 1891; M. P. Butler, 1892; Moylan, 1893-96; Thomas J. Finan, 1897; John Donovan, 1898; John Murphy, 1899; Captain Charles P. Monaghan, 1900-1-2.

These gentlemen have individually marked their terms by strenuous efforts in behalf of this organization of total abstinence.

## FAMOUS MEN WHO NEEDED LITTLE SLEEP.

Sir James Sawyer, in a work on longevity, dwells at great length on the importance of the duration of sleep. As a sufficient quantity, he gives one-third of the twenty-four hours. If this amount is not too much for what Mr. Sawyer calls "the physiological man," it is none the less a fact that some of the greatest workers of modern times never devoted eight hours to sleep. For instance, James Legge, profes-

or of Chinese at Oxford University, who died at the age of 82, rose at 5 o'clock in the morning, and never slept more than five hours. Brunel, the famous engineer, worked twenty hours a day. After working through the greater part of the night he used to sleep two or three hours in an arm-chair, and when he awoke was quite ready to work again. General Sir George A. Elliott, afterwards Lord Heathfield, who was in command at Gibraltar during the memorable siege which lasted four years, never during the whole of that period slept more than four hours a day; yet he lived to the age of 84.

In a number of Cosmopolis Professor Max Muller relates a conversation which he had with Humboldt on the subject of sleep. Humboldt told him that when he became old he needed at least four hours' sleep a day, but that in his youth he found two hours sufficient, and according to this great savant it is a serious mistake to propagate a belief that a man needs eight hours' sleep.

Little rose at 8 o'clock, and while his room, which served for his study, was being dusted, he took his work with him into a room on a lower floor, having learned the value of spare minutes from the Chancellor d'Aguesseau. It was during these spare minutes that he wrote the preface to his dictionary. At 9 o'clock he set to work, and kept at it till dinner. At 1 o'clock he went over his work, and sent the revised proofs to the Journal des Savants, to which he was a regular contributor from the year 1835. From 3 o'clock till 6 o'clock he worked at his dictionary; then he dined, and at 7 o'clock returned to work, notwithstanding the axiom that it is a bad thing to do after a meal. He continued at work till midnight; then his wife and daughter retired to rest, and he labored on till 3 o'clock in the morning, sometimes prolonging his studies until sunrise. Little lived to the age of 80.

However it may be in regard to these exceptional cases, it may be said that the suspension of the animal functions, which constitutes sleep lasts in man for a time varying on an average from five to eight hours.

## Sorry He Spoke.

He was sitting in the parlor while his fiancée was playing a Chopin sonata on the piano. Her mother was seated opposite her future son-in-law, and when the proper opportunity presented itself, she said: "Don't you think Edna has a great ear for music?" "I certainly do," replied the young man. "If you'd stretch a few strings across it would make a lovely guitar."

-Photographs by Hays.

